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"But the biggest, richest and most widely in evidence of all the American setworks was that aviary of exotic birds, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Its men were everywhere. The range of its operations was factastic. It had money to burn and seemed to delight in burning it. It was not the least content to find out what was going on. It had a fine real for making things go on, and often succoded. As the postwar descendant of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) It was inflitrated with Communists and lightly sprinkled with Masis, but their secret affiliations didn't do much damage to the CIA in Europe for the simple reason that a bootlesged look inside some phase of its endeavors only served to confuse the beholder. Crediting the CIA with a coherent plan, based on a legical deduction from something one stumbled over, could cause a European all sorts of trouble. Having bad a chance to size it up, however, the most sophisticated of the Buropean networks often found ways of making a 'patay' out of the CIA by taking its money--sometimes through middlemen informers--for things they themselves wented explored. Often, that way, cash paid by the CIA for what it thought was an anti-Communist effort actually went to the Communists." (p. 99).

"The CIA was as ill-equipped to cope with anyone as expert, proud, sensitive and secretive as Goleniewski as Goleniewski was to cope with any agency as unsophisticated, clique-ridden and blandly disorganized as the CIA."

"On the other hand was a fabulously rich, lossely-administered and equally accretive bureaucracy with all kinds of security leaks, with as many hidden connections as a prairie-dog village and with a tediously long experience is finding defectors progressively less useful and more unmanage-able from the day they arrived in this country." (p. 172).

"There are exceptionally able men and women in the CIA and I know a flow of them. The organization's technical facilities are of the best. But the marketh bureaucracy has been force-fed under poor administrators to hize which now makes it almost impossible to maintain any central cohesiveness or thorp professionalism. Fifty good reporters could transform it almost evernight. In its present form it is a veritable soo of wandering experts few of whom have more than a boxy idea of what the

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Tab A
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others are up to. They're comforted by the thought that they are not supposed to know, anyway. As a complex organism somewhat similar to an enormous library, the CIA's one great professional skill is its ability to move with lightning speed to cover up all signs of its mistakes when they are threatened with exposure; and, if they can't be concealed, to shift the center of guilt elsewhere.

"Between crises, the ordinarily amorphous state of the CIA makes it highly susceptible to the manipulations of the many coteries of foreigners and foreign-born Americans on its payrell. These people—on whom the management is so dependent for knowledgeable information on foreign affairs—have found to their delight that they can influence the decisions of the native-born Americans. In their midst, without any doubt, are several KCB stooges. It is also evident that a few native-born Americans are on the KCB and CRU circuit.

"Cometimes these 'influencers' exert more power on the CIA than its own management. That is because they know exactly what they want and the management may not. Their moulding of policy reaches to their contacts on the stelle of Senstors. Congressmen and the Congressional committees.

"The hellmark of the influencese is written all over the failure of the femate internal Security Subcommittee to pursue its original plans to intercogate Coleniewski in depth and in secret. Add to the story the pressure of the bankers, the Russians and the British who don't want his story to come out, and the blackent on him has been complete." (pp. 268-269)